

**Turkey gobbler land. Thomas Caldecott Chubb. Decorations by Wharton Esherick.  
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TURKEY GOBBLER LAND

Down in the south, where cornfields stand in rows Of blond, stiff spears against a parched, brown earth; Where the tall pine trees smell of turpentine, And iridescent doves flash back and forth Over the fields of benne in great droves; Where the old soaring buzzards wheel and slant Interminably as the flight of time; Where cotton blossoms pink, and blooms soft white, And on the coldest day the noontime sun Is hot enough to warm you to the bone, Is Turkey Gobbler Land. Not in the fields — Though sometimes just at dawn he does come out To feast on hog-threshed corn or chufa roots — But in the deepest shadows of the woods Where even a four-months' drought leaves freshness still, And the closed gentian robs some of the sky's hue, Old Turkey Gobbler dwells. That is his home. That is the only place the relentless march Of tin-pan towns, paved roads, and all the shabby, Efficient progress toward an unknown goal, Has left the American bird. So in that place, He struts and spreads his fan and swells his throat Of dull-bright slaty blue. There he makes love, And fights, and has his kingdom. Notice him. For one day he may join the buffalo, And the sky-darkening flights of passenger pigeons, And the lithe redskin with his lynx-soft tread, And the great forests of a million square miles, And there will be one legend to be added To our large store that all read just the same.

THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB

DECORATIONS BY WHARTON ESHERICK

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